

QL

785

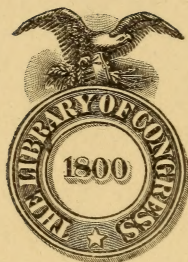
.R32

Do Animals Think?

by
H. Recordon



SECOND EDITION



Class QL 785

Book R 32

Copyright N^o _____

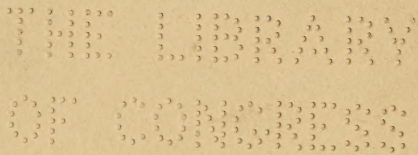
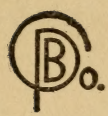
COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



DO ANIMALS THINK?

By H. RECORDON

SECOND EDITION



NEW YORK
Broadway Publishing Company
1903

PREFACE.

THIS is not a work on natural history or other sciences. It does not treat of the origin or pedigree of animals, but of their observation and penetration. It tends to show that animals do think, more or less, according to their capabilities, some having more and some less. It tries to prove that much of their prowess is due not to instinct, but to intelligence, which entitles them to the respect and sympathy of mankind.

DO ANIMALS THINK?

PART I.

Do they, or do they not? Here we have a question that is not very simple to answer. The small minority of men contend that they do, while the larger majority contradict it, and, this being the case, we will try and sift the matter thoroughly. This being the question of the opening of this work, it stands to reason that there should be a satisfactory answer, and decide permanently the different contending points on the matter.

The word think may be applied to both man and beast and be interpreted in one or all of the terms: To compare things or terms in the mind; to deliberate; to consider; to judge; to conclude;

to determine; to imagine; to fancy; to meditate; to intend; to design; to conceive; to believe; to esteem, and to have ideas in general on one or more subjects.

There are but few of these definitions that cannot be applied to animals as well as to men.

One characteristic more prominent than all the others, is fancy, or anger, which is found in the whole animal kingdom. There one can see the mind at work, more so on the laws of nature, self-defense or self-preservation, and the maintenance of one's dignity, at any price.

The pleasure of quarreling does not exist in animals as it does in man.

Anger is nothing more than an impulsive consideration for the time being, when any member of the numerous species of the animal kingdom is annoyed. We have, too, in other animals, those of the higher order of intelligence, which imagine a wrong inflicted toward them; then there are others which are justified in such imagination.

Take for example the elephant, which has the largest brain of all, even eclipsing man's. He therefore has a wonderful and good memory, never forgetting a good or bad action; especially a bad one, for he thinks and ponders over a wrong and bides his time to inflict the punishment and be revenged. Let the time be short or long, he waits

and he will not or in fact never does forget it, and when he meets the object of his wrath, he will remember almost instantly.

A case of this kind happened not long ago at one of our Zoos, where a crowd was there as usual. There was one person whom his majesty, the elephant, eyed more than the rest. I watched to see what would happen. The woman went toward his cage, when the elephant, with a roar, and the uplifting of his trunk, seized the woman by the waist and was about to dash her to the ground, when the attendants intervened and saved her from further harm. Strangely enough she recalled that twelve years before she had struck an elephant over the trunk with her umbrella, for trying to ransack her satchel. She was not sure, however, it was the same one, but the guards told her it must have been, for an elephant never starts a fight without good cause.

All animals are not of the same turn of mind. I can recall an incident that happened in one of our western cities not long ago. It was in this case a woman also and a king of beasts. She was at the circus, and in the crowd, but when she approached the lion's cage, he was lying down, but at sight of her he bounded upward and pranced like a kitten. The woman remembered that she had sold a pet lion ten years before. She went

closer to his cage, whereupon he extended his paw, which she fondly caressed, and when she departed he continued his pranks until she was out of the door.

These two cases would show memory, intelligence and reasoning.

All animals are not so intelligent, but all are ready for self-defense, if aggrieved or annoyed.

Animals can be divided into two classes, the brute kind, and the civilized kind. The brute being the one that roams the forests, and in fact is his own master, while the civilized animal which is held in captivity is somewhat domesticated, and not always a ruler, in spite of which he usually shows affection and esteem.

This subject being one that has puzzled man from time immemorial, and no satisfactory answer has ever been given on this point, I will endeavor by facts, incidents, and coincidences, to prove as far as I can, that animals do think, and if my readers are inclined to doubt any part of this work, they must draw their own conclusions on this matter, and make their own deductions on the subject.

The few writers on such subjects have always contended that animals had no reasoning powers, for as they have stated, if they had, why was it they could not build a house? Such writers are

wrong, for what would they do with it after it was built?

They even go farther than that: they state that animals have nothing to do but wash their faces, go to sleep, eat between times, with an intermixture of playfulness, and an occasional quarrel or fight, just for the sake of making it up again.

I have asked a question above, what would animals build houses for? What use would they make of it? They are not so foolish as to imprison themselves like civilized man is doing daily. Why is this assertion made, and this question asked! I'm sure I don't know, and no one else knows.

Living in houses is contrary to natural laws. It is merely a habit man has given himself, whereas animals find their houses already built, through nature's work, such as holes in the ground, the boring of tunnels below the surface, their ruts in caves, their homes in trees, and in innumerable ways of housing themselves, provided by nature. Just as our ancestors, primitive man did, they were perfectly happy to live in caves and cliffs, and afterwards to build mounds. What more does man or beast want? The savages of to-day all over the globe have huts merely to rest in, and for a roof in stormy weather. We will admit that man in the past knew no better than the animals,

but man has enlightened himself since, where animals have not, at least not the wild ones, but I can safely say that the domestic one has made progress in understanding and intelligence. We all must admit progress in both man and beast since primitive man's time.

We must not lose sight of the fact that there is a variety of animal which constructs houses if we can call them such, and they answer the same purposes as those built by the South Sea Islanders, merely for a roofing over them in case of an emergency, or for the storing of provisions. They build for the time being, with but few exceptions, knowing that the material they employ is not lasting. They, too, have foresight.

If such animals merely had instinct, could they plan, and scheme to construct a hovel, bore a tunnel, or build a nest? No. When man is bent on a certain piece of work, look at his industry! Now look at the other side: when a beaver constructs a dam, see his intentness, for not only his feet and tail are at work, but his mind also.

Of course, some of my readers will ask how can animals reason and construct a house under water like the otter. He does not draw plans on paper. Now we have the point, its mental planning, like the savages, for they, too, with but very few exceptions, make plans for the construc-

tion of their huts. It is planning in both cases, which they have acquired through heredity. With reasoning and thought for their wants, it becomes natural to them to plan and build houses, such as the muskrat, and many other water animals, which build under water.

We have also the land animals, such as the badger, which is content with living in a hole, under the surface; the prairie dog that bores and tunnels tarough the ground, also other animals, such as rabbits in the fields and forests. Then there are others like the mole, the opossum, and woodchuck, which either bore in the ground, or live in the opening of rooks. In fact, they nearly all have the same way of living. It's all reasoning on their part, and not instinct. It's the same with the peccary, porcupine, and wild boars, also the raccoon, but more often the latter would rather have a tree as an abode.

Before proceeding, just one word on the reasoning powers of both man and beast. They can both adapt themselves to better or worse conditions. Take the savage, for example. He can, and is willing to elevate himself to better his lot, as strange as it might appear to him at the start. It is the same with a tramp cat or dog. They will find their surroundings to their taste, when combined with a good home, and a good

master. How contented it will lay under the stove, and presently will go to sleep, after its noonday meal.

But put it out of doors after having made it comfortable, what will happen? At first the animal will not know what to make of it, and will hover about the house, then make off, and go back to trampdom. This is identical with the savage; if he too, were to be transported back to his native land, after once having tasted of civilization, he would go back to barbarity.

I will make the assertion that man is an animal. There is but one sort of animal that has no reasoning powers, and that is the insane, or parietic. Everything to them is a blank, be he man or animal. We have animals, too, that go insane; the most intelligent, like the elephant, horse, and dog. Why? Because they have reasoning powers, for if they had not they would not go insane. Civilization brings on insanity, where savagery does not. Another thing, if animals had no reasoning powers, would they have insomnia, the same as man? I emphatically say no. Only lately a case of insomnia developed in a tiger in Madison Square Garden at one of the shows. The tiger had been ailing for some time. No one seemed to understand the trouble until a veterinary surgeon was called. He immediately diag-

nosed the case as insomnia, that proves again that animals have more than instinct, it proves in a marked degree that their conscience is troubled, just as man who suffers with the same ailment; but only few have ever given themselves the trouble to penetrate it.

Of course man having been skeptical on such matters, instead of credulous, it will be difficult to convince him that animals do think. I admit, with my readers, it is a deep mystery to fathom, for we common mortals have only known them by instinct heretofore, and not by reasoning, which is a grave error.

I will give another proof of my assertion by referring to the hen and rooster. If one watches them in a barnyard which is on an elevation, and where there are always hawks hovering about, and one of those hawks comes into sight, how quickly the hen, or rooster, will warn the rest of the brood. They scent danger ahead, and it is the same warning that is sent forth if any other bird of prey makes its appearance. This is not instinct, but thought, on their part; for the eye sees, which telegraphs to the brain, and then the action through the voice takes place, and so on with all other animals.

Man has given this subject but very little thought, for the main reason that he cannot un-

derstand the language of animals, and of course, it is not a very bad reason. Then, too, we are not given to thinking much ourselves on such subjects. We are by far too busy hunting the dollar, but in spite of all that, we will admit that animals reason as well as we. Writers in the past have attempted to solve this problem, but given it up, for the deeper they would delve into it, the more mysterious it would become to them.

Yet animals could never acquire the building of machinery, or design habitations for man, for their intelligence is not developed to that extent. The main point is they are not endowed with gifts, as man is, for it is unnecessary in them, while with man it is very essential. They simply have enough intelligence for their wants, and what more can be expected of them? Still man has trained and instructed them for public performances, circuses, stage and the like, in other words, transplanted some of his own intelligence into them. That shows again the reasoning which animals have. They are willing to learn, but some are less adaptable than others, all not having an equal amount of gray matter in their brains or perception.

Then, too, the more a man knows of civilization the more his wants increase. It is but natural in him, as he is constructed so differently

from animals. They need no clothing as we do, for nature has provided covering for them from the time of their birth to death, according to the change of the seasons. They need not bother about cooking either, their tastes being so different from man, who in time will go back to the stage of raw food, where he will eat as animal does to-day.

The animal has probably the better part of the argument on the food question, but there are a great many men who believe in a raw diet, and I don't see why it would not be better for him to adopt it, provided he has not the national ailment—dyspepsia. If we consider the abstainers of all fresh meats, they do not know what dyspepsia is, no more than do animals, for their food consists principally of grains, leaves, fruit, vegetables and nuts.

I do not intend to comment on this matter any further, for we all have our individual tastes, but if man were to eat food more in its raw state, as do the animals (outside of meats), man would feel better in mind and body, and not forgetting the cost of cooking either.

When the animal is hungry, if he is in the wild state, he simply searches the woods, forest, glen or ravine, in search of a morsel. The bird hovers around the tree, while the insect glides along the

ground, like the reptile; fish and mammal roam around the deep in search of food, but when they have found it they eat it. Not like man, who has to prepare it first, and then cook it. There are other animals that look ahead of them, just as man does, to lay away stores for a cold day. These animals, too, have reasoning powers, and not instinct. In such cases we, being all of the same family, all have the same traits, more or less. The monkey, according to Darwin, being our ancestor, makes us all of the same huge family. Man and animals act much alike—each hoards their surplus, let it be money, garden truck or provisions. So what difference is there between them? There is a striking resemblance in a good many points.

I have often noticed in one of our large parks, toward the autumn months, the squirrels being fed, and have observed their intentness when one would hand them a nut. If they were not hungry they would run off with their prize and bury it in the ground, and deposit it in the hollow of a tree with the others they might have and come down to the same person for more, or to another, and so on, for they will take all that is given them. They always have an eye open to business, not knowing how long the winter will last, so they would rather take no chances. The next day they

are ready for all that is given them. How well they reason that if they did not provide themselves with provisions they would starve. Knowing that during the winter months, especially a hard winter, there is no food to be had.

PART II.

THE more intelligence and reasoning an animal has the more he bothers about the future in his house building, and laying away the stores. The same animal reasons but little on that score if in captivity, for he then knows food will always be forthcoming.

He has another worry, however, and that is being held like a prisoner. We all know that captivity shortens their lives because of worry, be it in a small cage of a bird, or a large one of the lion. But if let loose again they recuperate very quickly, if they have not been too long confined.

Why is it that we do not want to admit of that word reasoning or thought in animals? We observe their actions, their habits, their appealing, or angry looks, their amiability or kind looks, their affections, their feelings, their sadness, their hate, and their mortifications.

Why then as these traits exist in them as in man, it is merely the mind that speaks? I might go further, I might ask the question, What is the

mind if it is not the soul? I don't see why man has a hereafter and not animals, it's as simple as daylight.

We can more readily make observations in the larger animals than in the smaller ones, for the larger ones we domesticate, while the smaller ones, such as the insects, we do not.

I will demonstrate here an incident that came under my observation concerning the reasoning of insects. I was stopping some time ago at a house in Sullivan County, New York, and fell into conversation with an acquaintance about the reasoning of all living creatures. He scoffed at the idea on the spot. At the same moment a hornet entered the room in search of flies, which are his food. My friend jumped up and was ready to depart. He was afraid of being stung. I told him to sit down, that the bee was not after him, but if he chose he could try with the broom to chase or kill it, which he decided to do.

I told him to be careful not to miss his aim or the hornet would retaliate. Of course he laughed, but he made a dash for it with uplifted broom and missed it. The hornet cowed in the upper corner of the ceiling, waiting for an opportunity to put in its deadly work. Suddenly it darted from its corner as straight as an arrow and lighted on the man's nose, which soon began to swell. I

immediately ran out for some mud, and applied it to the swollen member. This is the best remedy for a bite of this insect to reduce the pain and suffering.

Afterwards the man admitted that I was right, that insects did reason after all.

It's the same with everything. One has to go through the mill to believe. They have to pay with their hide, then they are convinced, otherwise they are skeptical.

The following story I heard some time ago through a hunter who had been searching in the wilds of Wyoming for wild cats, whose skins he wanted. He and another companion were following a trail, when they perceived in the distance what looked to them as a strange animal, so one of them fired, the other being ready to fire in an emergency. This man missed his aim, not even wounding him, but like a flash a mountain lion was upon them. Just the noise of the shot was enough to challenge him to a rough and tumble fight. Of course the hunters were powerless, for a moment, their rifles being knocked out of their hands, but they quickly recovered their presence of mind, as all hunters of the west in a tight place will do, and they despatched his majesty with knives, the moral being that the lion did not want to be disturbed from his repose. If he

only had instinct he would not have minded it, but with reasoning it was too much for his blood.

There is also a little pet that I must not forget to mention, called "humanity's delight," I mean pest—it is a housewife's nightmare.

It's that little creature, the bedbug, which one is always waging war against. Still if bedbug hunters were to understand their mission on this earth of ours, they would not be so irreverent toward them, for they will only bite those who have acid in their blood. They extract it to prevent the human being from getting rheumatism. A person sleeping in the same bed who has no acid in his system will not be bitten. They do not feed on human blood, but human acid, or uric acid, which is the proper term.

All animals have their mission to perform, but we do not all know it.

In scanning the daily papers some time ago I came across an article of a suicide, not of a human being, but of a monkey. This monkey had been mischievous. While his mistress was out shopping he put the house pretty well out of order, so when she returned she started in by chastising her pet, which was very much against his liking, for he sulked in a corner at the farther end of the room. When the mistress was through with him she ascended the stairs, and when she repaired in the

lower part of the house, where the monkey had been left, it was nowhere to be found, having vanished as if the floor had swallowed him up. She remembered that she had left the cellar door open in the morning, so down she went. There hanging by a rope was the monkey—a case of suicide through mortification and a broken heart. Now, one with instinct, as they would want us to believe, would not have committed suicide; it is only reasoning that brings on suicide, or thinking, which is one and the same thing.

The word instinct, according to the dictionaries, means “urged from within; moved; animated; excited; a natural desire or aversion arising in the mind without forethought or deliberation; dictate or prompting of natural feeling, especially the power which determines the will and action of animals; natural perception of, and appetency for that which will preserve the individual, or propagate the species.”

Instinct can properly be termed in an animal to a certain degree, if we have to use that word, such as a case of a bloodhound on the scent, but there is reasoning there, too, and that other or extra sense which animals have and man has not, which is called “locality,” all that would help out the dog to find the fugitive.

We call animals inferior to man. It is probably

true they are as far as being mechanics, for animals make no improvements. He does not need to worry his brain as men do continually, in rectifying his mistakes. Animals are endowed with the gift of a certain construction for a roof, true there is no change, and true he makes no mistakes like man in anything they might undertake to do.

Now, a simple question! Would it not have been better if man had been born as the animal in the construction of habitations? Let us look where we may, man breaks his brain trying to eclipse his neighbor in the putting up of a building. Then another one comes along, when the building is up for a while, and knocks it down, and it is the same story continually; whereas animal builds and it stays built; he might abandon his hovel, but he does not destroy it.

We do not want to mix things up. I spoke about animals having made progress in intelligence, and understanding, meaning, of course, domestic animals. I don't mean by that, that they are better builders than in the time of Noah, but I do contend that at every succeeding generation they understand more, and more, their masters and mistresses.

When animals are ailing, or out of sorts, how well they know the herbs, and the different

grasses, leaves, or things that will do them good, or in fact cure them altogether. If they are in the country, they have little trouble to find these medicinal herbs. Animals do not ponder over the kind of medicine to take to know its value, and study them for years as man does. This, then, cannot exactly be called instinct, or reasoning, either, it would be better termed intelligence, or endowed with that gift which man has not.

Just a few words in reference to a word, adapted by the human race and especially to our young girls that they make use of quite extensively, in their teens, and that is "blushing." Animals do not blush, for even if they did, we would not know of it, on account of their fur and hair coverings, second, blushing can only be found and seen in the human race, in the order of a higher intelligence, and is only an emiently human attribute, and according to Darwin, it would require an overwhelming amount of evidence to make us believe that animals do blush. Darwin is right, there being no proof one way or the other.

Idiots and insane people very rarely blush, for blushing is an effort on the nerves, through the circulation of the blood, and the very pulse at our wrists is not due only to the heart throbs, but to an organism called the vaso-motor system, being

thread-like nerves, distributed to the walls of the blood vessels, and making a regular pulsing motion as they force the blood along.

Then these blood vessels are related closely to the cerebro-spinal and the sympathetic system. Hence the reason for sudden shock or the pallor of fear, the crimson of shame, and the flush of rage, which are all feelings of the mind that speaks.

Blushing, then, is a sort of momentary paralysis of the vaso-motor, or nerve influence for the time being, and the opposite emotion of fear either stimulates the contractors of the small capillary vessels, or sometimes permits the action by suspending the cerebral influence.

We will now take up the subject of worms and their work. They are quiet, expert architects, and of an engineering turn of mind. We can then realize that they, too, not only use intelligence, but a vast amount of reasoning.

Who of us has not seen their borings in a section of wood at some museum or another.

They are good borers and tunnelers, for their work goes through any kind of wood.

The worst havoc they make is at piers, wharves, and bulkheads, along the water front.

It is only recently that the New York Dock Department has learned of their havoc in the bulk-

heads at the Battery. Their discovery led them to spiles bored through and through by the ship worm, or the persistent teredo.

There being, too, a large variety of beetles that are borers and tunnelers, either in logs, barks, or decayed trees.

Then ~~every~~ one of these borers, be it worm, beetle or ~~any~~ other kind of an insect, have their own special work laid out for them, one borer not interfering with the work of another borer.

They, then, are all gifted at birth with some duty to perform, just as we are, but the difference is that they go ahead to do what is set before them to do, and succeed, while we, very often, make failure of what we undertake, and spend years trying to find out what we are actually born for, and usually never find out.

With insects it is different. They seem to grasp the idea at the start, and stick to it. Proof? How many spiles have been so weakened by their work that they have snapped in twain?

Consider the intelligence of these tunnel borers? First they had bored by means of a stiff visor, and a corresponding lower nipper, and its tunnels with chalk to save friction, and sections of these spiles have been sent to the Aquarium, where they are to be kept in salt water.

How many times we have read of the sagacity

of the dog, his intelligence and reasoning in all his doings, movements and actions. Like all goodly sized animals, we have noticed when they are asleep a sudden twitch of the eyelids, nose or mouth, and slight raise of the head, or probably a bark of fear, or anger. Now, why is this, and what is it that makes him do this?

I have noticed it, after their meals, be it heavy or light. This question I have studied in all its phases, and come to but one conclusion. He is either dreaming, or he has the nightmare, as the case might be. If dreaming, this is a proof that animals reason, for one that does not reason, like the insane (only visions that they have), do not dream, like sane beings. Then if reasoning they have, we can more readily understand their actions, provided we are as intelligent as they. As when a master and his dog go out, either for a walk, or a hunt, and the dog comes back alone to tell a sad tale at home. By his jumping in at the doorway, his barking, whining and seeking to have others follow him, he repeats his antics until some one goes out with him, and he shows them his master lying prone on the ground, dead from accident. See what good care he takes of that body! He allows no stranger to approach. There are other dogs, too, that are possessed of the devil, like those on farms, or estates, border-

ing on the main roads. They actually do not know what to do with their four legs, and they are therefore in all sorts of mischief, for one can not pass by, either on foot, horseback, buggy, automobile, or bicycle, without having one or more dogs after him, and very often a pack of them. They are, in fact, not the very best behaved of the canine family. They are like some children who are so full of mischief that any sort of diversion is good enough for them.

The well behaved dog must not be forgotten. One that sits contentedly on the window sill, or on the porch, that minds his own business and stays inside the grounds and does not encroach on the public domain, and lies content on the front door mat and reasons. For if one was to study them as they should they would find him very amiable, but must be restrained.

He must not have his own way, like one will observe in a pack, when they are not at the hunt. A dog like any other animal, if not checked, when in captivity, will become more vicious than the tramp ones, because there is too much overfeeding and petting.

Who of us has not noticed the intelligence of the fly, especially when they have about finished their time for the summer (they having ten generations in one summer), and on the arrival of

the first cold weather, in the evening when one is sitting quietly at the able, writing, reading, or sewing, they will see hovering around their paper some company, either one fly, or two, and when they are chased away, how they will return, for curiosity's sake. It is simply that they are in need of company, feeling lonely themselves.

There was an article I read some time ago which proved again the reasoning in an animal.

A fire broke out in the summer months in one of the large breweries in Philadelphia, where there were stabled one hundred horses. In order to save them, they had to turn them loose into the streets, the horse then centered about in wonderment. Then each animal found his team mate, and off they started to do business, for as calmly as if they were attached to a brewery wagon, the teams trotted off upon their various routes.

And at a tavern two miles away from the stable one team came to a stop at a watering trough where they daily stopped, and after waiting the usual length of time, they started to resume their route.

Another team was last seen trotting contentedly side by side out of the Bustleton Pike, bound for a farm where they were at pasture the week before.

Most of the horses were not recovered until

they returned to the brewery, after having gone entirely over their routes.

A whaler once related an adventure he had with a swordfish off the New England coast. He was aboard a schooner when his eye caught sight of the monster fish. He immediately ran for his harpoon, and speared it from the bowsprit. He then was sent off in a dory to bring it in, but on approaching, he found the fish, to his surprise wounded, but not dead. Imagine his surprise, when his highness showed fight by plunging his sword through the dory, which had to be immediately hoisted to the deck of the schooner in order to release the fish, which in the meantime had died. The whaler by mere chance escaped unhurt. This incident shows the intelligence of the swordfish in his death struggle, for he, seeing it was all up with him, gave the final blow just as our western desperadoes do when they are cornered.

An article appeared in the press recently of a battle royal between a man bathing in the surf and a shark off Atlantic City, New Jersey. This bather being in the water about a quarter of a mile from shore, saw what he supposed the body of a man floating near the surface. So he swam toward the object, which was slowly sinking, and

dived down after it, clutching at the supposed body.

But to his amazement he found that he had grasped a lively eight-foot shark by the tail.

The fish resented the interference and turned to attack the supposed rescuer, who struck out lustily for the shore with the shark after him.

Fortunately the jaws closed with the bather outside by a narrow margin, and he then shouted for assistance and swam for his life.

The fighting blood of the shark was up, and its appetite was keen. It made another rush for the bather, who was helpless, having no weapon but his hands to fight with.

Some of the affrighted spectators on the pier and the beach ran to the life guards and told them of the fierce combat being fought in the surf.

They put out in the life boat to the bather's assistance, and they were none too soon. The bather had received, meanwhile, several staggering blows from the shark's tail, and was so weak that he was keeping afloat with difficulty.

The shark made a final rush at the bather, turned on its back, like a flash, and this time caught him, the big jaws closing on his left arm, and the water above them was saturated with blood.

The bather was sinking, faint from pain and

loss of blood, as one of the life savers leaned over the side of the boat, and caught him by the hair.

He was dragged into the boat, and as the shark came on after him, one of the life savers stood with a heavy boat-hook poised and skillfully harpooned the monster just as he half turned on his side to make a snap for the boat.

The bather was then rowed to the shore and received medical attention.

The life guards went out again with a towing rope and brought the body of the shark to the beach.

Can we not see this shark's intelligence, sagacity and reasoning? For what one, be he man or beast, would stand such interference on the part of another? The shark did not take into consideration whether it was a man or any other animal. He had to take his punishment just the same.

PART III.

ALMOST every summer we are infested with a pest of caterpillars and other insects in our public parks, in the large cities, and still the most expert insect destroyers have not found a satisfactory remedy to exterminate them.

Birds of all kinds could exterminate them if we would only give them a chance, then and only then would we have effective work done. But people are generally given over to kindness toward them, so the feeding process goes on without check or hindrance, and when this habit is stopped, and only then can we hope to have relief, for when birds will find nothing but insects they'll eat insects.

The feeding of birds is all very well in the spring, autumn and winter, but not in summer, as I have seen scores of people doing in the parks daily; then they complain, when walking through the parks, that these insects fall all over them.

A bird when he has acquired the habit of feeding on bread, cake and sweets will not eat anything

else, only when in a starving condition. Just as a human being who is accustomed to eat mush all the while, and if he acquires the eating of steaks afterward he would not take mush again. It's the same with birds, or any other animal, for once they have acquired a habit it's hard to break them of it.

Here then is a mass of thinking on their part, and like ourselves, situated the same way. I have not mentioned reptiles yet, but I have in mind two incidents I have met with in the past concerning them, just merely to show, too, that they are neither exempt from intelligence nor reasoning.

Some years ago while walking through the wilds of Pike County, Pennsylvania, in crossing a ravine with the running brook slowly ebbing by, my attention was directed to a rustling in the brush, and on turning around I was confronted face to face with a moccasin. He was in the act of springing toward me, being already coiled for the dash, but as the phrase goes, he had the tip on me, so what was I to do. I was paralyzed, not with fear, but what we call charmed. He had caught my eye first on turning round, and there I stood for a moment, as if in a nightmare. But in a nightmare one gives a final blow, and so it was the same in this case. I came to my senses, and stooped over as the snake sprang over my head.

Then I was ready for the fray, for I immediately picked up a stick, turned, saw the reptile getting ready for me again. I was too quick for him this time. It was now my turn to have the tip on him, or catch his eye first. I slowly approached, and struck him a blow over the head, which stunned him, but not for long, as he was ready to face me again, when I finally dispatched him with another blow.

At another time in passing through a forest in Monticello, Sullivan County, New York, a rattlesnake made his presence known. He introduced himself by rattling furiously, and I, having passed a good many months in the wilds, knew the meaning of it. So I stepped to the further end of the road, for if I had lingered near, at that moment, it would have been all up with me.

I then recalled my previous encounter, and as I did not want to go through the same ordeal again, I thought the best thing I could do under the circumstances, was to give him a wide berth. This warning on the part of the rattler only shows his perception and reasoning. His rattles are not for ornament, or for man to count them when he is slain to see how old he is. It is simply to warn one of approaching danger. One may take heed or not.

It is like a man guarding a certain spot of danger, he shouts, or waves his hand, to keep off.

How many times it is recorded in the press the knowledge of dogs in making known to the inmates of buildings that the house is on fire? How often have I watched them catching sticks, bread, cakes or candy in their mouths at the sign of the giver? Others bringing back a ball when thrown to them, or getting a stick thrown into the water, or fetching the ball for the boys when they are playing that game; dogs stopping runaway horses, and others barking and jumping at the head of horses, more in a friendly spirit than in anger; dogs attached to fire companies, running ahead of engine or truck, and making the people scatter in all directions, and warning wagons, or trucks to be careful and for them to clear the way; also cats and dogs at play (but these are only minor cases), for the greater part of the felines and canines are continually at war with one another.

Dogs that dread a certain kind of punishment, and others that dislike a certain sort of uniform, and like others; cats that bring back a ball as a dog would, and others that make friends with squirrels, rabbits and chickens; does all this not go to prove the reasoning in such animals?

I have in mind a tale of a wise cat, that a neighbor once owned.

To begin with, the cat was a splendid ratter. It would kill every rat in the building that made its

appearance, and bring it up two flights of stairs to where it lived with its mistress, and then lay the rat on the kitchen floor and begin mewling to attract the attention of its mistress, and to show her prize she kept on mewling until she was petted, which, of course, her mistress would do, and say:

“Oh! You are such a nice, Minnie.”

Then the cat, having received her acknowledgment, would pick up the rat and go down to the back yard and there it would stay. She would repeat this every time she caught a rat.

Why! a human being could scarcely show more intelligence.

Another interesting case was that of a cat which was the only feline living in the building.

It would not allow another cat to enter that building either by the front or back way without there being a fight over the right of way.

While in a store recently I noticed a large tiger cat, asleep on the counter. Shortly after a woman and a bulldog came in. The dog sniffed about the store, making his presence known by the nails on his feet. This wakened the cat, which rose from his position and made ready for coming events, keeping perfectly quiet, but never losing sight of the dog, which wandered about the front part of the store. When he approached the back part, toward the private apartments, the cat stood ready

to spring, but on seeing the dog retrace his steps the cat relaxed his menacing position.

This only shows that if the dog had put his nose inside of that apartment the fur would have flown at a lively rate, but seeing the dog retrace its steps the knowing cat kept quiet, for the store was public, and not private, as was the apartment in its rear.

There is one thing above all others I must say about cats, and that is they are the nearest animals to man, on one point. They are very scientific boxers for points. It is about as when Greek meets Greek. They quarrel very easily when they first meet, as they slowly approach one another and call one another names; then the dodging takes place. An upper left between the eyes, their backing and advancing positions; time is finally called, and instead of being sponged down they keep up their hot words to one another.

The next round then takes place, with a right swing on the adversary's nose, after which both sulk a bit, but never losing sight of one another.

At the third round they generally have had enough, when it has been a square fight. Their mouths shiver with anger, and they fight fiercely till one masters the other, and each goes about his business to nurse his sores.

One must not forget, if cats are treacherous they are also good prize fighters.

They equal, if not excel, any known animal as boxers, and it is generally to patch up some old sores or to get even from a previous encounter.

The Bronx Zoo offers many an attraction in the study of animal life. Not long ago, while near the monkey house, I, with the others about, was attracted by a commotion, and looking, could discern in the distant part of the cage a mosquito on the wall. With monkeys when they see one of these insects it's time to call all hands around, and at one given signal make a dash to see who will catch it first. (

Of course if I was asked what they did with it after having caught it, that I could not answer, still I have an idea it's a treat for them, being a change from fleas.

Some years ago there was a dinner given in honor of a pet monkey. This happened in one of the large cities of Europe. (

Quite a fashionable set of people attended it, and passed a few remarks on the pedigree of the animal, never having in mind the mischievous way that monkeys have, and not thinking of them as imitators.

Everything was running smoothly when the simian started his pranks. They were a sorry

looking lot when they left the building, for their hats were lost, or hidden, their wraps and coats likewise. While at the table, he imitated the guests and made faces at them and on how they were behaving themselves. At first they thought it laughable, but not for long, for the monkey landed on a lady's lap, climbed to her shoulders and started to take the hairpins out of her hair. The simian kept up his tricks all the evening, but the guests had nearly all departed early, vowing never to attend such another feast, for simians are like children, they are imitators.

A great many have wondered if wolves have any intelligence. I will give you an instance which proves they are thinkers, for when travelers are going through the open country bordering the forests in Siberia, and everything looks clear, the wolves make their appearance. Not many at first, but one, or two, for there is always a leader to take in the situation and look over the ground.

The leader then turns toward the forest and utters a howl, which is a signal, meaning:

"Come on, boys."

Then the whole pack appears and proceeds to attack the travelers. Here is thinking and reasoning. While traveling through the southwest I came across tracks over the plains, about six feet wide. They were straight, and on either side were

grass tracks, about eight feet wide. In nearly all cases it led to some pond or river.

Being interested, I inquired from the ranchmen the meaning of it, for they did not look like the work of nature, but of some animal.

They responded by telling me they were buffalo tracks of the past. When they started a new bit of grazing they would always eat an equal width on either side, which had been untouched for years. The grass was then fully grown, for it takes two seasons to have it up to the standard for buffaloes, as they eat it down to the roots. Buffaloes must have had an eye to the future, or was it an hereditary trait? When drinking they would never stir up the water as cattle do, and when caught unexpectedly in a cyclone, or blizzard, how they would turn themselves, facing the storm, so to protect the rest of their bodies. There is a vast amount of intelligence in these things.

The alligators in the Bronx Zoo have given their keepers any amount of trouble, particularly the larger ones, when they wanted to clean their tanks, or change them to another tank. Last summer I witnessed an operation on a large alligator. He was about to have his corns extracted, but before beginning the operation they strapped him down with iron hooping, after having filled the tank with water. The first attempt to keep it in

that position was a failure, for when the keepers thought everything was all right (and the alligator playing 'possum meanwhile), with a swing of its tail it fanned the keepers over. After that they had to secure him tighter; then the operation was a success.

In their native haunts alligators have an affliction on their tongues. A mass of insects gather on their tongues, and when a plover is near the poor creatures open their mouths wide for the bird to come inside their jaws, and pick them out.

See then the communication of interests there and the understanding, the knowledge, and the reasoning between both of them.

The rat, too, shows great intelligence in stealing. Their egg snatching is very clever. One will get on its back and roll an egg onto his stomach, and hold it there with its four paws, while another rat will hold his tail in his mouth and pull him to their hole or nest, then deposit it and run off to get another one. They will repeat this until they cannot store away any more. There, too, is reasoning and thinking in such actions as this.

Why is it that the broncho buster of the plains is such a difficult animal to get along with, and so hard to mount and ride?

They have a vicious and ugly temper when one

is about to approach them, for they always suspect coming danger.

They have inherited that wildness from their ancestors, who had to fight the wild animals of their time, such as the lion, grizzly, coyote and wolves.

Their never ceasing sulking and neighing and balking when they scent man or beast near by is an inborn trait.

I have always noticed that where a herd of horses, especially on the plains, are happily grazing, and danger approaches, such as a storm, or a prairie fire, the leader, which is the stallion, gets out of the herd and neighs. This is a signal to the others to follow him, and they all make off in another direction. It is the habit of cattle and nearly all of the animal kingdom in the open.

I have noticed the horses attached to a street car. Their lifelessness at the start and until the car was well in motion again, was very apparent. The pulling is not what they dread when on the trot, but they worry at having to stop before getting back to the stables.

It is this worry that kills them before their time, rather than work. They continually have it on their mind, notwithstanding all the care which the street car company give their live stock.

PART IV.

WE all know that animals understand one another. It is a foregone conclusion, so there is no need of commenting on this point.

A farmer of Ontario County, New York, some years ago, sold a young colt to another farmer, one hundred and fifty-six miles away, he keeping the older horse for himself. The day after the sale, on arising, he went to the stable to attend to his horses and cattle, and there he found his horse gone. He made inquiries about his horse through the neighboring farmers, but to no avail. The horse was gone, and never to return, thought the farmer, but after about a week he received word from the buyer of the younger horse, that his horse was there. He could scarcely make it seem possible that the mother horse had gone off after the colt.

This then, can only be explained that motherly love was the most prominent feature of her action. The sense of locality, which animals have, and

somewhat of scent, in a case of this kind, aided the horse to locate her colt.

Animals are often very stubborn, for like man, why would they not be? We are all members of the same family, so why in one part and not in the other one?

A horse once came under my notice which was unusually stubborn. When he was out on his regular route he persisted in coming home after the first order was delivered, till finally the owner had to go on the very last order, and deliver that first, and then follow on the way home, for if he delivered his first order first he would take all day to do his route, for the horse was bound to come back every time, and it was only when the grocery man hit on the idea of going to the last order first that he could get him to do the work.

Another horse which was employed on a milk route was gentle, good and faithful, but woe to the wagon, driver and milk cans if he heard an engine or fire truck. He would run until he reached the fire, as if the devil was after him, upsetting the driver and cans. Then he was satisfied, and when the owner would come after him he was perfectly cooled off, but the driver could not get him to move until the last engine or truck had gone. The bell seemed to have a great fascination for him.

This shows again that an animal can acquire a habit, as well as we, and it is often hard to break it, just as in a person who has acquired a habit of some kind. For what is natural in one is natural in the other—it is animal nature.

The spider, too, is another insect that has great knowledge and foresight. I have watched them in the woods spinning their webs and entangling flies.

Flies, in the first place, are not as numerous in the woods as in houses, and when they catch a fly they prize it very highly. The care they take of them is wonderful. They bring them as far as the main body of the web, and weave around them once or twice, seeing that their feet are so tied that there is no possible escape on their part. Then off the spider goes to the further end of the web, never taking her eye off the fly for a moment, and if she sees, in spite of all her tying, that the fly moves still, she comes back and puts another web around its body, and keeps it up for two or three times, until she is perfectly satisfied that there is no escape for the fly.

There is in the east end of London one who deals in spiders and knows the value of them. He disposes of them to the small wine merchants, at three shillings a hundred. These merchants stock their cellars with new, freshly labelled wine and

admit the spiders. The dust having previously been laid on the bottles, the spiders begin their work, as if they knew what was required of them, by weaving their webs from cork to cork.

These insects are collected from all parts, but the garden variety are prized more than others; for they weave a larger and stronger web than do the smaller ones.

While out walking one evening, my attention was attracted by a large dog and a crow in front of a saloon. The two belonged to the proprietor. I then stood watching them, and it was laughable to see the dog, who would not allow the crow to go on the walk. He looked very serious, and watched it constantly. Finally, a smaller dog appeared, but the larger dog was keeping an outlook that no harm should befall the crow. The smaller dog was approaching slowly toward the bird, when, with a bound, the larger one was upon him, but without hurting him. It was merely a friendly warning, but it was enough for the smaller dog. He skipped pretty lively, but by that time the big dog was tired of watching the crow, and chased it into the saloon, where it went back into its cage for the night. The dog then came out at the side of the door and lay down to rest after its work. If this is not reasoning on the part of this dog, I don't know what is.

I was a witness to quite an amusing incident on Staten Island toward evening, as I was passing one of the principal streets in Stapleton. I stopped to watch a calf at play with a robin in the field. How friendly they were together, cavorting around and dodging one another, just like two dogs at play. As one would approach the other would go off a few paces, only to come back and chase the other again, in a friendly way, and they kept up their pranks until dark, when the robin flew off to roost.

On one of the farms in Westchester County, New York, after luncheon, I used to sit on the porch and watch the chickens following a horse grazing, and helping him to get rid of the flies and insects flying about his legs, by devouring them. That, too, showed the friendliness of animals toward each other.

While on Broadway one day my attention was called to a crowd standing around a truck loaded with hay. After inquiring I found that one of the horses refused to help pull the truck, either by the aid of the whip or through coaxing. The driver unharnessed the horse, and took it back to the stable, and brought another, which was the mate of the one left standing in the street. The green horse refused to help another, but when the driver placed the fresh horse beside his mate he pricked up his ears in recognition and when harnessed the

driver mounted his seat and drove off just as if there had been no trouble.

It only goes to show again when a horse is accustomed to one mate it will not draw with another, or if so, it is only after having them together for a while. Still some horses would not have minded it so much. It's the same as with people, they have notions, and are cranky.

A housewife once related a story about the intelligence of rats. At the time she kept her provisions in the pantry, in glass and earthen jars, covered over with tin.

The house was infested at the time with rats, which made such a noise at night that one could scarcely rest, much less sleep. But one morning, about sunrise, the mistress was horrified to find all her tin covers on the floor of the pantry, all her sweetmeats eaten, or toppled over, but the other jars were left standing and intact. These rats then, could be called the knowing or wise rats.

But how well they knew the difference between the good things and those that were not so palatable.

A hunter being on the outskirts of the jungles in India, was suddenly overtaken in a fierce thunder storm on a day that had been excessively hot. As it was toward evening he knew not how to retrace his steps toward his hotel, so he decided to

seek shelter under some tree until the storm should pass, thinking that it would be of short duration. But the storm showed no signs of abating. Hour after hour went by. An occasional roar of some wild beast could be heard, but he concluded to wait until it cleared.

There was a sign of the storm letting up toward midnight, and he was making ready to depart, when a sharp zigzagged streak of lightning lighted the whole forest, and there, to his amazement, he could see all the wild beasts, from the elephant down to the boa constrictor, all terror-stricken. With an occasional howl here and there, and moanings of fear, they were immovable, so frightened were they. The hunter left the jungle at sunrise with the storm still raging in all its fury, without having been harmed in the least by any of the ferocious animals.

What better proof does one want than this, that animals do think, and think a great deal—especially in a case of this kind, for is not the mind at work in uneducated people, or educated ones, as it is in wild beasts?

The more we understand such things the less fear we apprehend, but in the savages, who have no education, like the animals, the mind works just the same, but sees things in another light.

This can be termed superstition, for want of a better term.

The spider always makes friends with the prisoners. We all understand that every one living in a prison, be he man or beast, is very lonely at best. But the spider, being an animal with more intelligence than a good many insects, understands as well as the prisoner his fate, and each of them thinks his lot is not a happy one.

Animals and man are, therefore, identical on one point—it is on loneliness.

To-day prisoners are not as lonely as in the past, for they are put to work, but it was different in the days gone by, especially in the European and Asiatic prisons. Then the poor wretches were merely cooped in to mete out their terms, and consequently in time they would go mad. This was the reason they made friends with spiders, mice and rats, and a new friend, outside of their kind.

A church was being torn down in Newark, New Jersey, to make room for a larger edifice. It was infested with thousands of bats, which made their homes in the neighboring houses, until they could find space in the roofs of buildings. One would have thought that, naturally, they would willingly have flown to the trees around the city, where it is quiet, and at a higher elevation than in the eaves of a small building. No, they would rather

keep to their heredity ways, and live under the roofs to keep out of the wet, and with less chance of molestation than in trees.

A large red ant is found in Texas and is very destructive to crops.

There are two kinds, the country ant and the city ant, and are distinguished by the hillocks they build. The former ant builds a single hillock in a place, while the other builds in groups. The country ants can be observed carrying into their nests green leaves and grass, for they make use of this verdure to raise their young in. Each one has a special work to perform, for some gather the leaves and carry them to the hill, and others place them. They have regular routes. Those going from the hill always give the road to those that are loaded. They can carry very heavy loads, two of them sometimes carrying a pecan. The sting of these ants is very painful. They generally come in great numbers about the middle of July, with all having wings. The city ants are very different from the country ants in their habits, for they never work by daylight, unless it is very cloudy; like bedbugs, they both come out at dusk and work until daylight.

Their work then is so managed as to resemble a huge enterprise. Every one, from the manager down to the apprentice, has his own individual

work to perform. System, then, is the keynote of success in animals as well as man.

In the upper part of the State of New York this summer, the bees were starving for want of nectar and pollen from the flowers. The summer having been excessively wet, with frost and cold winds, it had actually destroyed the food of the bees, and being aided by prolonged cold, made it disastrous for the honey bees, and millions of them starved to death.

The apiarists said that the hives had been stripped of honey, and even then the bees had not enough to sustain life. The bees pondered over the situation, and came to the conclusion that it was useless to wait any longer for some good fortune to come to them. So they then decided to kill all the drones, and even destroyed the queen cells, thereby preventing an increase in numbers.

The moral of the bees was probably good in such a desperate case as this. They reasoned, if they let the drones live it would mean a lingering death by starvation. Still, with all of their reasoning in such a desperate case, I do not agree with them on assassination.

A story appeared in the Herald a year ago, pertaining to a horse that points birds, and, if true, it would show once more the intelligence of that animal and his reasoning.

It referred to a hunter in Illinois who always hunted quail, prairie chickens and other birds without the use of a dog, and on horseback. His horse is a most intelligent animal and endowed with peculiar gifts, according to its owner (which looks plausible), for he acts both as horse and dog in locating game quickly, and with as much certainty as the best trained dog.

The horse carries him unerringly within easy shooting distance of game, then stands still with his left foot raised, as rigid as any hunting dog. Then a little urging starts him ahead, and when the birds start to rise he again stands, to allow his master to take aim and shoot. When the game falls he proves himself as good a retriever as any setter, and if necessary, will go into the woods, or water, after the quarry, and does all this without his master dismounting.

This is then an example of a domesticated animal. I have said before that domestic animals have made progress in intelligence, when in captivity, and it has proven too, that the dog is not the only animal that has scent.

Probably his master had a dog at one time, which accompanied him and the horse in hunting, and it is probable at those times that the horse had taken notes mentally, and when the dog could not be had on such an occasion, merely stepped into

his boots; and if this horse only had instinct, he could not have copied the dog's ways.

An article appeared in the daily papers this summer relating to a "Cat That Brings Food to Its Mistress," and her husband vouches for the story.

The mistress had been ailing and in poor health for a long time, and had very little appetite. The members of the family were at their wits' ends, for try as they might, in the preparation of food, nothing would tempt her, in spite of being palatable and well prepared. But pussy, being near her night and day, had a chance of understanding her condition. In his wakeful hours he probably took in the situation, and wondered what he could do to put her on her feet once more, for as he evidently knew, something had to be done, and that quickly, for his intelligence and reasoning were keen, in this emergency, and he understood that his mistress was failing very rapidly. So the cat thought that perhaps his mistress would like some game to tempt her appetite, which was of primary importance to him. For what would he do if his mistress should die? Almost every day, afterward, he brought his mistress a partridge, young rabbit or bird of some kind, and laid it at her feet. The members of the family did not know what to make of it at first, but soon realized it was for the

patient. The mistress was delighted at the cat's thoughtfulness, and every time the game was ready she would partake of it, much to the cat's satisfaction. The patient was not long in getting well, for it had been a great change in her diet, and just what she wanted. When the cat saw his mistress was almost well it stopped bringing the game.

The family was much puzzled at pussy's actions, for the cat had never brought in any game before. It was still more puzzling when the cat stopped bringing in game. They then decided that the cat had reasoning, which was more than instinct, and they were correct in their surmise. This is about as good proof that animals think as has ever come under my notice.

This incident happened in Virginia: This is a case of a parrot grieving for his dead master, and continually calling, "Hello, Captain."

This parrot having been the constant companion of his master for years, knew one morning that all was not well, for his master, who was a police captain, did not appear at the station-house, as usual, at the appointed hour for duty. He immediately looked morose, and declined to touch his breakfast, which lay before him, and it has grieved him so ever since that he is letting himself slowly starve to death.

He still keeps up his greetings every morning,

of "Hello, Captain," but as morning after morning goes by without the captain making his appearance, it makes him so unhappy that he refuses to take food. He is now so weak that he can scarcely stand on his perch without tottering. For years past the captain had always greeted his pet every morning, and Polly always answered him with "Hello, Cap.," as he went off to his desk. He keeps up that same greeting hourly, and the strain of not seeing his master has so weakened his constitution that he falls and goes to sleep.

Way into the night he keeps up his call. It is only a question of time when all will be over, for he cannot stand this ordeal much longer.

The sergeants have done everything to cheer the bird thus far, but find it of no avail, for he refuses to be comforted. The grieving of this kind only proves once more that his mind is at work, being like a premonition, that something has befallen his master.

This case being no different from any other one who is bereft of relative or friend, dies of a broken heart. A broken heart can rarely come except from worry, and worry through thinking, and there you have the case of the parrot's grief in a nutshell. For if this parrot could not think, he would not worry, and if he did not worry, he

would not die of a broken heart, as he will do. For if ever animal reasoned this one did.

A case I read of not long ago, in the New York World, shows again the devotion of an animal to his charges, when once he had acquired the habit of taking care of small children, and how it grieves him to leave such a place. This dog was crying for his babes in the asylum for infants, in Mount Vernon, New York City.

This institution for the care of infants has existed for nearly a quarter of century, but it had to change its location for several reasons. It was announced that they must close the grounds, and the mothers came and took away their offsprings.

When the last nurse and child were gone, the matron did not know what to do with the big watch dog that had so well protected the grounds for years. He well knew what was going on, for the night before the dog acted strangely, by moaning, whining and wandering about continually. This dog was very lonely for his charges. He had cared for the babies, and seen that they should not stray too far from the grounds, and watched that no harm should befall them. Now that everything was over, he bemoaned the day that he had to give up the task which he had had so long. He did not know what next was in store for him, for he,

having almost grown up with the place, dreaded to leave it, just as a human being, after once having lived many years in the same house or neighborhood, shuns a change.

PART V.

THIS is another instance of a dog on Long Island dying of a broken heart. A lady hiring a place for the summer had not made any provision for her pet dog, and she had to leave him in the city in charge of a dog fancier, who gave him a comfortable place to stay.

The mistress inquired about him every day. At first everything went well, and he seemed to enjoy the company of other dogs. This did not last long, for one day he refused his food. The fancier did not pay much attention to this, for he thought it was only a whim on the dog's part. The fancier soon found out, however, that it was loneliness and grief. The dog grew worse every day, and still declined to eat. He had grown so feeble that he barely had the strength to whine after his mistress, and at the last moments he jut moaned a little and passed away.

This would prove again, not only the affection of animals toward their masters, but their thoughts

of them, when not near them. I am sorry to say the mistresses and masters do not quite understand this, for if they did they would take their pets with them on their vacations.

An animal is little different from a person. It has the same attachment for those who take good care of them. Everything that walks, crawls, creeps, flies or swims, thinks probably not all of the time, as man is supposed to do, but part of the time, at least, and especially when they find themselves abandoned, for human and animal nature are the same.

How can we expect anything different? A brain is a brain. It is life, it is thought, it is the mind, be it in man or beast. Brains are to guide our actions, be they good or evil.

Noises trouble animals, as well as man, but we are not affected in the same way. What troubles one does not bother the other. Take music, for instance. Man and animals, almost without exception, like to hear its strains. Some it charms, like the snake, others it puts to sleep, for it is quieting to the nerves. Others it makes sad, and some animals whine and howl. Almost all dogs make themselves heard at the sound of a flute, cornet or bugle. Cats rather enjoy music, especially the piano and mandolin. Whistling affects them like the flute does a snake. They act strangely and almost

charmed, somewhat as a cat charms a fly, when it is out of his reach; merely, I presume, to make it come down from its quiet place. Watch and see how their mouth quivers in the same way when under like circumstances, they try to charm a bird. Likewise when they see a dog approach, do they not try to charm him and make themselves look larger by expanding their fur? More for a bluff than anything else, perhaps, but similar actions in the feathered tribe are more to show their ferocity. How often do the daily papers tell of animals taking their lives, or committing suicide, like man? I do not see why this should not be? They think as we do; why would they not do as we do? I am certain if one is dissatisfied with this life, be he man or beast, he will take his life in his own hands.

Here is a case: "Rat Electrocuting Itself," in one of the large electric company's works in Brooklyn.

This rat had placed its tail on a wire, and his nose on another wire, fully charged; it therefore made a complete circuit, which sent sixty thousand volts of electricity through its body. This rat could not have been in such a position accidentally, besides, the noise of the machinery would be too much for him, and the lights would be too glaring, if he was in a normal condition. So it can only be a case of self-destruction. Probably his wife scolded

him, and brooding over it, and being more or less weak-minded, thought he would end it all. If animals had no thought or reasoning, this following fight between two elephants would not have taken place.

One was larger than the other, and the keepers allowed him an extra amount of hay. Being in one enclosure they had a chance of settling their grievances quickly. One morning the smaller elephant, for some cause, probably the bracing air, made a grab for the larger elephant's share, and was about to put it into his mouth, when the larger one made for him. The keeper seeing what was going on, stepped right into the fray, and parted them, at the risk of his life, but escaped unscratched. This incident happened in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens.

Another case of curiosity on the part of a dog, in Louisville, Kentucky, at a balloon ascension. The aëronaut was about to ascend; much to his surprise and displeasure, a fox terrier jumped into the car. The balloon's ropes were already loosened, and he dare not throw the dog out. The balloon went higher and higher, and finally made over the border, into Indiana, and dropped just thirty-eight miles from where it had started. Before the balloon touched the ground the dog had jumped out as quickly as he had jumped in. In less than

a week afterward, to the amazement of its owner the dog appeared at his home.

The inhabitants are wondering to this day how he ever could have found his way back in a section of country where the dog had never been before. They imagine it is the dog's secret, and he will never tell. Of course it is, and he will keep it to himself until they shall be able to converse with him, whenever that will be.

I do not see why people cannot understand his coming back alone. Most of us know that animals have a sense which we have not. That is the sense of locality; therefore, an animal cannot get lost, if he has once his liberty, for they will return, and when they do not return, it is because they are held in captivity or have met death in one way or another.

While in Sussex County, on a vacation recently, the mistress of the boarding house where I was stopping, had a fine maltese cat. It was quite friendly and affectionate, but was, too, a good hunter. When he was away from the house everyone knew that the cat was at his favorite sport, hunting, but never tarried much around the premises, like very few small domestic animals do, when out in such open space as the country.

This cat would bring in game, such as birds and

rabbits, quite frequently. There were some months when no one would see him.

One afternoon I decided to do a little hunting myself, for I did not think it proper to have the cat do all the hunting, in season, or out of season, game laws or no game laws. So off I trotted to an immense woodland about seven miles from the house. I thought it was about time to light a pipe, for it sometimes brings one luck, and it is company, if nothing else. At the same moment I heard the unearthly yell of a cat in the distance, and thinking it was a wild cat, I grasped my gun all the tighter, and waited events.

I could constantly hear that cat's voice. It grew more distinct, as if getting nearer all the time. It was a misty day and no breeze was stirring. I could hear the shrubbery and underbrush in motion, and as I listened the sound grew louder. I thought I had bargained for more than I had expected, especially if it was a wild cat. I was ready with my gun at my shoulder, ready to fire, when what should make its appearance before my eyes but the long lost maltese cat? The cat recognized me instantly, and mewed piteously. I picked it up and caressed it, then put it on the ground again. It rubbed itself against my legs, and could scarcely walk. After a time I started back, with the cat following me just like a dog. See the

knowledge of this cat. Such a distance from home it recognized one whom it had seen casually at a boarding house. It had probably seen me from a tree, or heard my footsteps, their hearing being very keen. This episode shows memory, intelligence, and thinking on the part of this cat, for how else would he have remembered me? Humanity has always contended that cats are treacherous, and I shall not dispute this. It is probably so with a great many cases, and many of them are, as dogs, often vicious; but the cases are few and far between.

I will cite a case of a vicious and treacherous dog, in Westchester County, which I had to deal with, to the dog's sorrow.

One morning while passing down one of the main roads leading into White Plains, there lay crouched in the middle of the road, apparently asleep, a large bull dog belonging to the residence near by.

I thought it was very strange for a dog to lay so, when a stranger was passing. I had my doubts about him, for I thought he was playing 'possum. Not wishing to take any chances, I firmly held my blackthorn stick, and as I neared him, he simply opened an eye, and kept motionless.

But when I had passed, I thought I would look back, for things did not look at all reassuring to

me, and none too soon, for he was already at my legs, and quick as a flash, my stick came down over his head, which stunned him for a while, but not for long. When he came to, he went at me again. I gave him another stunning blow which finished him and his viciousness forever.

This would show that one cannot be too careful in traveling on a public road, for there are dogs which are allowed their own way too much in our principal thoroughfares.

A fierce fight happened in a freight train in New Jersey between a tiger and horses. A circus, having finished its work in one town, was being transported to the next. In one car was a tiger, partitioned off from the horses, which were being quartered at the further end of the car.

In some way the tiger managed to slip through. He was looking for a fight, and was not disappointed. He made straight for the back of the nearest horse. The horses were tied in their stalls, but it made no difference, for this horse, by a move of the hind quarter, managed to throw him off, and gave him a kick which sent him sprawling to the other end of the car.

The tiger was not long recovering, for he made for the next nearest horse, which, however, was too quick for him, and a well landed blow of his hind hoof landed him against the partition, and almost

knocked the tiger through the car. While laying there motionless, the next horse finished him, with a few more kicks, which despatched him for all time.

This fight would tend to show the superior ability, mind and judgment of the horse over the tiger, in inflicting such mortal blows. It shows too, that carnivorous animals are no match for herbivorous animals in a square fight.

An animal which looks very innocent when cooped up behind the bars is the bear, be he white, grizzly, black, cinnamon, or any other species.

Those in Central Park, especially the grizzly and polar, seem particularly harmless, with their heads swinging to and fro. See how contented and lazy they appear, when some one throws them peanuts or sweetmeats. With their enormous paws they roll it to their mouths with as little trouble on their part as possible, or open their jaws to catch some sweet morsel.

A few summers ago their cage was being painted. The painters had finished the outside without much trouble.

But they found the inside of the cage was another story.

They had no trouble until they were well in the cage, which was fastened on the inside, smoking their pipes contentedly.

This was on a St. Patrick's day, and the color they were using was green, to fit the day.

The painters were near the top of the cage, when turning round they saw one of the bears after them. They made for the door, which was locked. The paint pot fell down over painters and bears alike. Finally the painters escaped, none the worse except for a coat of green, which the bears shared too, in honor of the day. They had put their noses into the paint pot, which gave them a very bizarre appearance. A short while after this there was a rumpus in the eagle's cage, which proved a fight to a finish.

The day before a new comer, a bald eagle, had been put in the cage. He evidently wanted to rearrange things somewhat according to his tastes. But there was already a boss installed there, and when the other bird made himself too obnoxious, the old boss thought things had gone far enough. He therefore took a hand in the settlement. They battled by biting and clawing, until the new one was almost killed, when the keepers intervened.

This proves that it is not only in a political organization that bosses appear. It is always the same domineering way which wishes to rule and be the master.

A large black cat appeared on the window sill of a basement of a fashionable house last spring.

It mewed piteously and the cook opened the window and let the cat into the kitchen. The poor creature looked starved, his ribs could be counted through its fur, but they brought a dish of milk, and the cat started to lick it up, when suddenly, without warning, the cat flew at the cook, biting and clawing her fearfully. This brought down the lady of the house, and her husband, who knocked the cat senseless.

This cat was simply out of its mind for want of food, and had gone mad. Just as a person placed in the same way. Starvation affects the mind very often, but more frequently animals than human beings.

A lioness in the Central Park Zoo, which had been an inhabitant of the menagerie for seventeen years, died recently. She would probably have lived much longer had she not been blind for a number of years.

To be able to hear and not see as she had once done seemed hard to her, for she worried and fretted constantly.

We must not forget that animals have anxieties as well as we, and especially in a case like this. It is like a blasted life, a living nightmare.

We only realize this when it comes to ourselves.

The floods in Iowa this summer made many cu-

rious sights, but they were not such as one would like to witness daily. I will only mention one here.

When the waters encroached upon the prairies it drove the jack rabbits and cotton tails to cover. Every log or timber from fallen houses was literally covered with them. Thousands had followed the natural law of self-preservation, which is primary in the animal kingdom.

An old farmer, while returning home in his buggy through a road little traversed, was stung frightfully by bees, and died a short while afterwards. His horse had stepped into their nest.

The onslaught, therefore, was very sudden, for the bees, not knowing what had happened, after regaining their senses, began their deadly revenge against the farmer and horse.

The farmer having rolled out of the carriage, the horse made for home, so did not meet the fate of his master.

Who of us having been placed as the bees were, would not have retaliated?

On my way uptown each morning, I used to watch a dog waiting for the garbage wagon to pass. He was looking for a bone from the driver, and when he got it, was as happy as he could be. He would go off and munch it all by himself. This was repeated each day. Sometimes there

was none to give him, so he quietly went away, after being patted on the head, thinking he might have better luck at another time.

Those actions on the part of the dog only show that the dog had something on his mind, for every morning he expected a bone of some kind.

Then a habit can be quickly acquired in animals just as in man.

This dog had a comfortable home, but he wanted something extra.

A horse being led by the bridle suddenly took fright at a flying piece of paper, and ran off like a flash. He finally stopped at a market, where, before his gaze, lay all the vegetables of the season, so he began to devour a barrel of cabbages.

Perhaps if this display had not met his eyes he might be running yet.

Another horse took fright two months after in about the same place, but did not venture very far, for being always crowded around a market, it has not much chance. Right before him lay a child which had fallen in attempting to cross the street. The horse realized the child's peril, and pranced on his hind feet to avoid hurting the little one. This gave it a chance to be rescued, and the child escaped uninjured.

Here was forethought on the part of the horse.

An orang-outang having been brought from a

far distant land, Borneo, into the Bronx Zoo, with her young one, became homesick after a few weeks.

The keepers tried in vain to make her eat, but to no avail. She only fondled her baby, and became morose; not even wanting to make friends with her keepers.

She, therefore, knew the difference of her surroundings, they being so unlike her native land. Loneliness comes through worry, as we are all aware. Worry exists in this case, just as with our soldiers in the Philippines. Very often it brings on suicide in both man and beast, under similar conditions.

Here is a singular case of suicide on the part of a horse in Paterson, New Jersey. A big bay horse was attached to an engine company for a number of years. He took his life by hanging himself by his halter. His foot was caught in it, and the firemen said that it was perfectly plain that the horse fastened his shoe in the slack of the halter, then deliberately pulled on the strap until life was extinct. This horse had a quick temper, and used to make a great disturbance in his stall, especially at night, which made life a burden in the engine house.

He kicked all the time, so the chief transferred him to headquarters, thinking that he would **change** his habit, but to no avail.

The chief decided to pay no attention to him, for, he contended, a kicking horse was similar to a crying child. If no attention was paid to him, it would soon stop.

But instead the horse made all the more noise, which became almost unbearable, but the firemen obeyed orders, noise or no noise.

The day after, when the firemen went to feed him, they found him dead.

This would show the reasoning in this horse, for as quick a temper as it might have had, it wanted attention from the firemen, and if he did not get it, and if he thought he was abandoned, it would surely kill him.

The result was that melancholy set in and his brooding made him decide on self-destruction. His mind was already giving way under those conditions, for he wanted to be "the whole thing."

It is just the same story in man or woman with an uncontrollable temper. They wish to be "the only pebble on the beach."

Such people, and animals, very often have plenty of time to nurse their folly when it is too late. If they had learned to give and take, or leave well enough alone, all would have gone more smoothly, but no, it is always the same domineering spirit which brings them to grief. Self-destruction occurs more frequently in domesticated

animals or those in captivity, than ones which have their liberty, such as beasts of the forests, prairie, mountain, stream, river, or sea.

An article appeared in a local paper some time ago in reference to pigeons making a record by flying one thousand miles in a week.

One can imagine the strain, and the anxiety of the birds trying to get back home as quickly as possible. The effort must be very great, and one need not wonder that on arriving home, they fall limp from exhaustion. I hardly believe they could have taken much sleep in covering that distance in such a short space of time, and they probably had taken little food.

However, carrier pigeons are credited with fifty to one hundred miles an hour in their flight.

The swallow and marten too, are, considered very rapid flyers, going at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour.

The teal duck has a velocity of fifty miles an hour, while the mallard is five miles slower. The canvas back is credited with from forty to fifty miles an hour, and the wild goose and eider duck travel at the rate of forty miles.

The pheasant, quail and prairie chicken make from thirty to forty miles an hour, while the crow flies but twenty miles in that time. The smaller birds are not such fast flyers as they would appear.

All this shows the thinking in birds, for they usually know where they want to go, and plan to cover the distance in the allotted time.

A man was once asked if he knew the best remedy of stopping mice from eating and destroying underwear which had been put in a chiffonier. The man asked if traps had been set to catch them, and found there had been, but with little success. Mice are too wise to be caught in that way. He then suggested closing all the openings with tin, and if they persisted in coming to try putting some crumbs in a plate before retiring. They could eat them. He explained that when mice make their appearance at meal time and find no food about, as this was in an apartment, out of spite they destroy clothes. If they could find something to eat, they would retire and go to sleep, as the majority of animals do when their hunger is appeased.

This was done for about a week, with very good results.

Another case of hunger driving dogs mad to the extent of killing their benefactress: These dogs were bought for the sole purpose of protecting a newly acquired country place from burglars and marauders.

The new owner had been told to be careful of them, and not to feed them too much, especially

on raw meat, as they were already ferocious. Others told them not to feed them at all for a few days, so to starve them into submission. They already looked very sullen, and no one would approach them. The owner thought by starving them they would remember their benefactress.

They did, too, by putting one out of the world. The mistress in passing them in the yard one morning took pity on them and said it was a shame to let dumb animals starve like that. They looked quite harmless, and she determined to feed them.

She ordered the cook to prepare a bowl of meat and carry it to the kennel, the mistress accompanying her, of course.

The instant the woman entered the enclosure the dogs leaped and bounded so that their chains broke, and they made for their mistress. They threw her to the ground like wild beasts. It seemed as if they had reserved their pent-up rage for this occasion. The more the woman tried to defend herself, the more the dogs bit her on the limbs and body. The neighbors finally drove the dogs away with clubs.

As she was being brought to the house she presented a sad spectacle, for her face and hands, which had been exposed to the full force of the onslaught, were a mass of shreds. Her clothes were

literally torn from her, and her body was a mass of bites. She lived a few hours, then died from doing a supposed kindness to starving dogs.

The dogs knew very well the difference between their mistress and her cook, even if they only had been there a few days, and evidently thought her the cause of their starved condition.

Moral! It is not what man wants to do, it is what he ought to do toward dumb animals, ferociousness or not.

There are almost daily reports of sharks, large turtles, and other queer looking fish caught by the fishermen in their nets. Others tell of seeing those creatures off the beaches, or from the deck of passing vessels. This would lead one to suspect that everything was not as it should be down below the sea's surface with the animals of the deep.

There being a cause for all strange phenomena of this kind, we all know that these monsters, as strange as they are in these waters, do not belong here, but in the tropics, around the equator, like the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea.

Many theories have been advanced on the phenomenon, but, thus far, none have been very satisfactory. We will try to answer this strange coincidence, if possible, or advance somewhat of an explanation.

Yes, it can be called such, for when before

have such strange monsters appeared off our coasts, and to such an extent as this season ?

Undoubtedly we have had seasons when there were sharks and turtles seen and captured, but never so large as those seen during the last six months.

What is the reason of all this turmoil in the deep ? Hunger, I presume ; sharks living principally on corpses, and these not being very plentiful at present in their home waters, they strike north.

Perhaps things got too hot down south on account of the volcanic eruptions, such as Mont Pelee and La Soufriere, which have been in activity for a long time. It being winter on the other side of the equator, there was but one place for them to go, and that was to pay us a visit, to our sorrow. It is only a friendly visit on their part to look over the ground before making up their minds what they will do. It is only temporary, for they will not linger here during the winter months. They will take a roundabout course to the equator, for there it will be summer.

Then one might ask why did they not stay around the south Atlantic coast ? We see by their actions that their head is level. They may be more prophetic than our most scientific men. The eruptions in the Caribbean Sea may not be over

in a hurry, and their reasoning tells them it is better to be sure than be sorry—that is the law of self-preservation. They had one of two things to choose from, stay in their home waters and be boiled, or come up and see us, and they, being of a friendly turn of mind, chose the latter for the rest of the season. Do you blame them?

They may return next season as numerous as before. We may see them for a good many more summers, but when winter strikes this zone it will be summer on the other side of the equator. They will keep coming here till things have quieted down in the Antilles.

Sharks are like other animals, they like company, and they know that our beaches hold many a tender morsel.

Rats on board ship are considered a valuable asset in case of danger, for they scent a coming disaster. Sailors know when they see rats scatter that there is danger of some kind aboard ship.

It is in the mines, under like conditions. In that way they can warn the miners to flee.

An article appeared in the Magazine section of the Sunday Herald, of January 6th, 1901, entitled "Svengali of the Zoo," written by Mr. Rene Bache.

This article treated on hypnotism of animals, by

Professor Max Verworn. It is undoubtedly one of the newest wonders.

He has hypnotized mammals, birds and reptiles and states that there is not an animal which is not susceptible to "mesmeric" influence, provided it is properly done. My opinion on this last phrase is that he is right.

He goes further and states that not only guinea pigs, and rabbits, but frogs and venomous serpents have been successfully treated in that way.

He says that since early times, and certainly for hundreds of years, it has been known that some animals, if held in abnormal positions, would behave queerly.

The most familiar instance is that of the hen. By holding her beak to the ground and drawing from the end of it a straight line of chalk for a few feet, the hen imagines she is being held by a string, and so makes no attempt to move. This notion, according to the professor, is a mistake. He is able to hypnotize the fowl without using any chalk line. He accomplished the purpose by simply laying the hen in a certain position upon the table.

Professor Verworn has found that his experiment with the hen may be successfully reproduced with many animals.

Occasionally a guinea pig will be so susceptible

to this peculiar sort of hypnotic influence, as to lose consciousness instantly when turned over on its back.

The recovery is always very sudden, the creature jumping upon its feet, and becoming once again its own guinea pig, so to speak, except for a stiffness in the hind legs, which is apt to remain for a little while,—a vestige, evidently, of the abnormal condition.

In speaking of crocodiles and alligators, he says they prove excellent subjects, responding readily to the hypnotic influence, when placed on their backs, and becoming for a while like dead saurians.

An ordinary green European lizard used by the professor was turned over and prevented from squirming by holding its jaws between two fingers, and its tail with the other hand. The recovery in this case was as sudden as in the guinea pig.

A frog was not affected so easily, though it succumbed after a time, when held upon its back, its movements being hindered.

The common edible frog would become perfectly quiet after five or ten minutes, its efforts to rise growing more feeble, until finally it would become motionless, remaining so for twenty or thirty minutes thereafter.

Lobsters, it seems, are subject to influence in the

same way, remaining perfectly rigid in grotesque positions for a long time, after being held for five or ten minutes.

Snakes are by no means exempt.

The professor made a series of most interesting experiments with the venomous serpent known as the naji-haje, two specimens of which were obtained for him from Egypt by the hereditary Princess of Saxony.

For so dangerous were these reptiles that their poison fangs were removed as a preliminary to the trial.

Their dispositions were very ferocious. They would coil themselves on the floor and keep their heads always turned toward the professor, as he walked around them, ready to strike him if they found a chance.

They would try to bite him again and again, but with a quick action he would step forward and catch one of the reptiles behind the neck. Its excitement instantly disappeared, and it became perfectly harmless and limp, and could be put in any position desired.

It is with this kind of snake that the serpent charmers of Egypt have always worked, even as far back as the day of Moses.

From his experiments Professor Verworn draws the conclusion that really all kinds of animals, no

matter how wild, if skillfully treated after the method here indicated, may be rendered unconscious and unable to move.

He truly says that such phenomena in the past have been misunderstood. In the case of the hen, her imagination was supposed to be at work. The bird mistaking the chalk mark for a string, and in other instances the trembling of the animal's limbs, was attributed to fright, which when severe enough, will paralyze the muscles temporarily.

There is apparently a suspension of will power in the hen and guinea pig, the condition being one of unconsciousness, but not of sleep, and when the influence ceases to operate, recovery is immediate and sudden.

Certain kinds of animals resist the influence much more than others. It seems to be almost impossible to hypnotize the dog or cat.

I ask, why? For the simple reason that their minds are more active in thought, the same being the case in a human being.

Some can undergo hypnotic influence quicker than others. It all depends on the activity of the brain at the moment.

Professor Verworn also states that young animals are less easily affected than old ones. That comes from too much activity. The younger animals, just as with people, for as one advances in

years, one's activity, with but few exceptions, declines.

Fishes, too, says Professor Verworn, succumb to the influence. He also has made successful tests with an octopus.

These experiments of Professor Verworn prove very conclusively more than anything I could possibly demonstrate, that animals do think, for without thought or reason, like the paretic and madman, there is no hypnotizing them. One might as well try to hypnotize plants as animals which have lost their reason. It is about the same.

I hope now that my readers will no longer be skeptical on the reasoning of animals, for I have stated facts and incidents to prove that animals to a great extent do think.

THE END.

NOV 9 1903

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 005 508 002 1

